

TWELVE YEARS OF PRISON LIFE

PART I.

PRELIMINARY,

Before, I proceed, I must ask my readers to excuse me for the deficiencies and inaccuracies of exposition and style that may appear to render my present work a bit insipid and uninteresting, as will only naturally be expected of a novice in the literary art, holding out his pen in public just for the first time in his life, ever so faltering and unsteady in his steps, even as a child will appear when he is learning how to stand and walk on his tiny pair of legs, leaving his habit of crawling on all fours. It is

because of the
very fascinating and interesting
character of
some of my experiences in prison that
I venture
to approach my generous readers,
and not on
the strength of my own literary
abilities, which
are undoubtedly nil and no better.

It was at the time when I was a
student of